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A WOEFUL
VOYAGE
INDEED!

Being a Full and Particular
ACCOUNT
OF THE
Voyage, Adventures and Distresses
Of the CREW belonging to the
NIMBLE NANCY,

Commanded by Capt. A. WR—T.

Containing, particularly, the Sp-w-ngs,
the Eatings, the Drinkings, the Swearings,
and the Dangers, that happen'd to each of
them, in their dangerous Voyage to the *Nore*.

In which will be inserted,

The Particular Hardships the Chaplain, and the Gun-
ner, who deserted from the Ship, underwent, in
their long! long! painful Journey by Land.

*Let others write for Glory or Reward,
Truth is well paid, when she is sung, and heard.*
Dr. RICHARD CORBET, Bishop of Norwich.

L O N D O N:

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INTRODUCTION.

ALTHOUGH the Generality of Readers may imagine this Voyage not to be altogether so important as that of Commodore *Anson* to the *South Seas*, yet. I will venture to assert, that many Persons, besides our *Voyageurs*, will think it (to themselves at least) a Matter of as great Concern : But be that as it may, I shall impartially relate the Particulars with all the Brevity the Nature of the Affair will admit, and leave every one to make his own Remarks.

The mighty Preparations that for some Months were making for this important Voyage, engross'd almost the whole Conversation of one particular Quarter of this opulent City; never were the Pipe and Pot going forward but Sailing was the Topick; and every one seem'd, *in his own Opinion*, to be a DRAKE or a RALEIGH: How

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much

much did each extoll his own *intended Behaviour* ! One would kill six and fifty *Frenchmen* ! another would eat two Dozen *Spaniards* for a Breakfast ! a Third would, *to be sure*, be the first to board some *French Privateer* ; and the Whole would do such Feats, as should for ever eternize their Memories ! and all this, gentle Reader, was to be perform'd in the River *Thames*. Nay, this their *ideal Bravery* so strongly glow'd in each Man's Breast, that it became not only their eternal Conversation by Day, but, by their own Confessions, was the Subject of their pleasing Dreams by Night. Nor were their mighty Acts to be perform'd by Sea alone, but, like the great *Alexander*, who wept he had no more Worlds to conquer, they were determin'd to extend their martial Prowess o'er the Land, by waging War against the whole feather'd Kind ; and to that End, provided themselves with certain warlike Instruments called Guns, unhappily enough for them, as will appear in the Sequel ; for one of those Instruments, vex'd at being handled by an unskilfull Sailor, knock'd him down, broke his Shins, overthrew a second, tumbled down a third, and (in short) put the whole into the utmost Consternation ! but more of this in its proper Place ;

Place; they were all, as I said above, determin'd to become terrible both by Land and Sea! one vow'd he would START Partridges enough *almost* to man a Fleet; another would SPRING such a Quantity of Hares, that the Skins alone should enrich the whole Crew; a third, by the Art of Legerdemain, would only by a Report of the same Gun that knock'd him down, cause Millions of Birds to fall dead by the Fright, tho' they were Miles off.

In fine, marvellous was their Talk! marvellous was their Behaviour! I shall first proceed to give a List of their Names, according to the Posts they held in the Ship; 2dly a succinct Account of their Behaviour on Board and on Land; and lastly, conclude with a proper Inference from the whole.

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A Full and Particular
ACCOUNT, &c.



Council being held at the Place of Rendezvous, the *Ch-frè* *Ch-se*, in *W-ne Off-ce C--rt*, *Fl--t-st--t*, some few Days before the Time of sailing, it was then and there agreed, to send a Part of the Crew to agree with the Pilot for the Vessel, and to fix the Price to be given; accordingly some of the *most knowing* were selected for that Purpose, who found the Pilot, agreed with him for the Vessel, but unluckily forgot to fix any Price; however, they *were to have* it: But that they might make sure Work, they wisely resolv'd to have

have a Note of his Hand, importing the Earnest he received, and his Consent to Lett the Vessel, which was accordingly drawn up; but by another unlucky Mistake, *they* signed it, instead of the Pilot, and, *that it might be safe*, gave it into *his* keeping, and came away, proud to have so well executed their Commission.

A Copy of the Agreement, as near as can be remember'd, was as follows:

" I ---- P---ns, do hereby own, acknow-
 " ledge, and declare, that I have * this Day
 " received of the Gentleman Ten Shillings
 " and Sixpence, in Earnest, for the Use of
 " the Vessel called the Nimble Nancy, which
 " said Vessel I do hereby promise shall be
 " ready to go with the said Gentleman and
 " his Company, on Tuesday August .7th
 " next."

As witness † our Hands,

J. U. J. H. T. H. &c.

The

* N. B. There was no Date to the Agreement.

† 'Tis generally suppos'd, that the Occasion of this Mistake of writing *our Hands*, led them into the other Mistake of *Signing*, and that the Whole was owing to the immediate overflow of Joy they felt, at having secured a Vessel wherein they expected so much Pleasure.

The Names of the Crew.

A. W--ght, Captain. Sirnam'd Highmettle.

V. St-pl---n, Lieutenant; Sirnam'd Voluntero.

S. G---bs, Master.

J. Un--d---d, Purser.

G. Bi--k--m, Mate.

J. I--b--y, Chaplain.

J. H--l--f--x, Boatswain.

J. Wh-t-ker, Gunner.

T. H---gh, Coxswain.

J. Wi--lt--re, Swabber.

N. B. The Number was to have been Twelve, but Mr. C. C. and Mr. A---st--- were excus'd, and had their Discharge from the Captain: One, because his Wife would not let him go; the other, on Account of Business.

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Tuesday,

Tuesday, Aug. 7. 1744.

C H A P. I.

Which contains the first Day's Voyage, and consists of such a Variety of surprizing Adventures, as the Reader cannot in Justice pass over, for they never will be forgotten.

ABOUT Six in the Morning the whole Ship's Crew set out from the Place of Rendezvous, in order to proceed to the Vessel then lying at Anchor off the Red-House at *Deptford*. The first Object that struck their View was a Brother Ship-Mate, one *W-l--x*, a nointed Blade, reeling Home happy as Liquor could make him: So fair a Mark they could not miss, they must drink; they did, they parted, and then proceeded: Every Man kept a good Look-out, so did the Dog, (for Brother *W---rs* had lent 'em a Dog) and in passing thro' the *Lock-Fields*, the Captain perceived a few Sparrows flying into a Hedge, at which he directly let fly, resolved to kill 'em all; and notwithstanding its being his first Shoot, 'tis really believ'd that he shot within ten Yards of the Birds, and seeing them fly away, he
rapp'd

rapp'd loudly, " he wonder'd at their Impudence, to fly after he had broke all their " Legs." This occasioned some little Mirth, for being as yet all *Well-Hands*, they were full of Spirits.

At length they got on Board, 'twas about Nine in the Morning; and after being called over, and a Charge given to them by the Captain, they proceeded to examine their Provision, and found all right except a Ham they miss'd; which, by diligently searching for, they found had by the Help of its Thousands *crawled* into the Fore-castle: For Fear of another such Accident they ty'd him down, weigh'd Anchor, and set Sail, not before the Wind but against it, tho' with the Tide; and the first Exploit perform'd on Board was done by Lieutenant *St-p--n*, who snatch'd up a Gun, and presenting, says, Captain I'll shoot you: Hold, roars out the Captain, frighted to Death, 'tis charg'd! 'tis charg'd! at which Lieutenant *Voluntero* luckily turned it, and pull'd the Trigger, and found by woful Experience 'twas charg'd indeed; for on its going off the Piece recoil'd against his Shoulder, fairly knock'd him down, tumbled him into the State-Room, and broke his Shins; (which, by the Way, was the only Blood

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spilt

spilt the whole Voyage) nor was it himself only who suffered by this unfortunate Accident, but the whole Ship's Crew; for in falling, *being so very corpulent*, he narrowly escap'd crushing two of the Company to Death, and most terribly frightened all the rest: But they were soon pick'd up, a proper Plaister applied to *Voluntero's* Shin, and all was well again; nor did any Thing extraordinary happen to them 'till they got down to *Gravesend*, where (the Tide being turned against them) they heaved Anchor, and spent the Evening very merrily on Board, 'till they thought it was Time to go to Bed, but then, as tho' Fate had determined to cross them, their Servants were become their Masters; for lo, when they began to think of turning in to Roost, behold the two Men and Boy appointed to take Care and work the Vessel, had seiz'd on three of the best Beds, and gruffly grunted out, they would not quit them for the best Men in *England*, which made our brave Sailors argue rationally enough among themselves, *but softly, for Fear the Men should bear*, that as they were to pay for the Vessel, they certainly had a Right to all its Conveniences; but Possession being eleven Points, they were obliged to be content, and pigg'd in as well

as

as they could, four of them being cram'm'd together in one Bed, in the after Cabbin.

As for the Mate and Coxswain, they were determin'd not to be ramm'd in like Wedges, but, after all the rest were in Bed, sat down Fift to Fift, and *smoak'd and drank*, and *drank and smoak'd*, Chum here's to you, and here's to you Chum.

Wednesday Aug. 8th.

CHAP. II.

Which opens, and continues for some Time, with most dreadful Scenes, that if the Reader is of too tender a Nature, he had better pass over: It clears up towards the End.

ABOUT Two this Morning the Mate and Coxswain, who had pretty well done for themselves, with the Frenchman's Health of Here's to you, finding the Tide had turn'd, resolv'd to lose no Time, and notwithstanding the Crew's being all fast asleep, they weigh'd Anchor and stood to Sea.

By the Time they had sail'd a little Way, the Motion of the Vessel (or the Motion of their heaving Stomachs) had waked some
of

of the Crew, who, frightened at seeing the Vessel under Sail, and none to guide it but a staggering Mate, and a staggering Coxswain, immediately raised the Men and Boy, who were likewise surprized, yet owned the Coxswain knew his Business.

After the Rest of the Crew were all rous'd the Mate and Coxswain turn'd in.

And now began the dreadful Sickness, there lay the Master reaching his Heart out, here stood the Gunner heaving up his *little* Soul, there sat the Chaplain pouring forth most powerfully the Contents of his Stomach; the Lieutenant, though an experienced Officer, yet calmly resign'd himself, expecting each Reach to be his last; Wamble, Wamble, goes the Boatswain's Guts, till like a Torrent it gush'd forth, and for a Time made them all forget their own Sickness to gaze with Admiration! The Captain and the Purser were never sick, they did but laugh and cry out ten times more Wind, a bigger Sea, my Boys! The Swabber, who indeed accepted his Post with a good deal of Reluctance, deserving to be sure a much higher! I say, he maintain'd (for maintain he will) to the last, that he was not sick, but had a long Sp--w, and was running on to shew the
different

different Degrees of Sicknefs, and to prove logiftically that a Man may fp-w for three Hours, and not be in the leaft fick, when he was interrupted by the Boatfwain's crying out, a Sail, a Sail! On turning their Eyes that Way they perceiv'd a Veffel bearing hard down upon them. Now were they frighted indeed! for being at Anchor, waiting for the Tide, they could not run for it, but were oblig'd to wait with Patience: Ods Niggs, fays the Boatfwain, we go nigher to that, or that comes nearer to us. On its approaching ftill nearer they perceiv'd it was a Fishing Smack had broke from her Anchor, and drove right before the Wind, which happened to be juft fair to come athwart their Veffel. By this Time all Hands were upon Deck, and the Smack ftill coming on threatned Deftruction every Minute. In vain did the Crew call out, in vain did they pray, in vain did they fwear, in vain did they beg; they could make no Body hear on Board, every Minute they expected to be knock'd to Pieces, every Minute they expected fhould be the laft. At length a Man on Board the Smack was rous'd from Sleep, the Chaplain fpied him, and cried out moft vehemently: " You Man take
 " the Ship away; I fay, take HIM away,
 " can't you fee, HE is coming directly on
 us:

“ us: I say, you Man take HIM away:
 “ Oh! take HIM away.’ Which the Man
 did do with some Difficulty, for she pass’d
 their Head hardly six Inches.

After they had escap’d this Danger the
 Chaplain went down into the State-Room
 determin’d to wait his Fate, expecting
 never to see *Fl--t-ft--t* any more,; there
 he found the Mate, stuck up in one Corner
 like an Image in the Niche of a Church-
 Wall, shewing no other Signs of Life than
 the Rolling of his Eyes, and the Workings of
 his Mouth, and in this Posture the poor
 Mate sat without eating or drinking for 14
 Hours: What an Hospital was the Ship
 now become? Sp-wing and praying was
 their Employ; Oh! would but the Lord
 send them once on Shore, they would never,
 no never, set Foot in a Ship again. The
 Chaplain, unaccustomed to such Sight as
 swelling Surges, roaring Winds, and rolling
 Ships, in the Intervals of his Sickness pour’d
 forth the following Ejaculations,

“ *Lord have Mercy upon me---Christ have*
 “ *Mercy upon me* (then he repeated the Lord’s
 “ Prayer)---*Would but the almighty God*
 “ *vouchsafe of his infinite Goodness and*
 “ *Mercy to suffer me once more to reach*
 “ (here he spew’d)---*Oh dear! dear!*
 “ *dear!---the Land---I would never of-*
 “ *send him more by Sea.---Oh that High*
Mettle

" *Mettle was but so sick---so sick as I: (another Reach) Oh! Oh! Oh!*" ----and then he tumbled down, mumbled to himself some inarticulate Sounds, look'd most devoutly, and fell asleep.

Wednesday Afternoon they sail'd pleasantly up the River *Medway*, and each one joyfully set his Foot on Land at *Chatham*, and never sure were condemned Criminals more in Raptures at a Reprieve, than were the whole Crew, at finding themselves safe on Shore; the first Care was to provide for the Sick, accordingly some Mutton and Broth was ordered, and while that was preparing they walked to *Rocheſter*, and viewed the Castle, which was erected by King *William I.* out of one Angle of the River, and also viewed the Tower, the Cathedral, and whatever else was remarkable, the Walls of the great Tower now left, are four Yards thick, the Body of the Cathedral is of the original Structure before the Conquest, and repaired by Bishop *Gundulph* an Architect, who likewise built the Castle: The great Tower is called *Gundulph's Tower*. They also visited the Goal, in which they saw the French Captain, *Jean le Tour*, whose Men so barbarously shot the Pilots off *Aldeburgh*

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in

in *Suffolk*, an Account of which may not be disagreeable to my Readers.

The 14th of *July* last, six Men who were all Pilots, except one, went off *Aldeburgh* Beach in a Pilot Boat, about Eleven in the Morning, in order to set a Pilot on board a *Danish* Ship, and from thence they discovered another Vessel coming from the North, before the Wind, which at first made like a Ship, but afterwards proved a Snow about 130 Tons, with an *English* Ensign flying, as a Signal they wanted a Pilot, who hailed them in *English* with a speaking Trumpet, bidding them not be afraid, but come on Board, for they wanted a Pilot; accordingly they went along Side the Vessel, which they found to be a Privateer, they then begged for Quarter in the strongest Terms, offered to surrender themselves Prisoners of War, or to ransom themselves, but they were absolutely refused Quarter, and though they were naked, unarmed Men, the cruel Crew of the Privateer, fired a whole Volley of Small Arms into the Boat, and killed one *John Newell* outright, fired again several Times, wounded another, one *Thomas Norton*, who died next Day, and wounded a third, by a Shot through his Arm; they finding the merciless

less Crew would give no Quarter, the Remainder fell flat down, as though they had been killed, and let the Boat drive, 'till they were some Distance from the Privateer, who went in Pursuit of the *Danish* Vessel, and they got a-shore at *Southwold*.

The Privateer did not reign long after this barbarous Action, being soon met with by the *Hound* Sloop of War, Capt. *Gordon*, whom they fought desperately Yard-Arm and Yard-Arm three Glasses, Capt. *Gordon* called to them several times to strike, or expect no Quarter; but they made no other Answer than, *You may be damn'd*, in very good *English*, and still kept firing on till they had ten of their Men killed, about 15 wounded, and their Deck ran with Blood, they at length struck; the *Hound* had none killed, only two wounded; but when the *French* Captain came on Board the *Hound* Sloop and saw their Force, he stormed like a mad Man, and swore in very good *English*, damn his Blood, if he had known they were no stronger, he would have exchanged Broadside for Broadside, have given them Gun for Gun, and sunk by their Side, before he would have struck, nor would he have struck as he

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did,

did, had but his cowardly Rascals stood by him.

But this is only a Digression from our Journal, I shall therefore proceed. Our Sailors ask'd the *Frenchman*, How he could do that cruel Act? To which he made no other Reply, than shaking his Head, and saying, it was done without his Knowledge or Consent. He was remov'd from *Roche-ster* Gaol on Board the *Royal Sovereign*, then lying at the *Nore*, to be try'd by Commodore *Warren*.

After our Sailors had pleas'd themselves with seeing what was remarkable in *Roche-ster*, they return'd to *Chatham* to their Mutton and Broth, and, for sick People, made a pretty hearty Meal. The Chaplain, who had declar'd he would not go on board again for a Hundred Guineas, took an Opportunity to whisper the Gunner; and under the Pretence of going to a Brother Trade for some Small-Beer, both he and the Gunner fairly deserted, and set forward for *Grave-send*, tho' not without a constant Dread upon their Spirits and frequent Lookings-back, fearful of being pursued and taken. When they were miss'd by the Crew, and it was found they were actually gone, the Captain was for trying them immediately, without
their

their being present to make a Defence; the Boatswain indeed express'd a good Deal of Concern at their being gone, and his Face waxed pale, not with Wrath or Anger, but with Vexation that he had not made one with them. All this while our two Travellers (for I must now no longer call them Sailors, were pursuing their Journey on *Terra firma* to *Gravesend* with hearty Hearts, not knowing a Step of the Way, at last they were overtaken by two Persons going to the same Place, who knew the Way; they joyfully joined them Company, but their Joy was soon turned into Sadness; for coming to a narrow bye-Place, and the Chaplain expressing some Concern, and saying it was a nasty Place, aye, says one of the Men, 'tis so, 'tis the very Place where we design to rob you; at which the Chaplain's Countenance turned pale, and putting his Hand to his Pocket, indeed, Sir, says he, I have but two Guineas and a few Shillings, that is all; but being undeceived by the other Man, who said his Companion was only joking with him, he began to revive again, tho' it was observed he did not talk so much the Remainder of the Day: However, they arrived safe at *Gravesend* about Ten o'Clock, and after receiving some Refresh-

Refreshment, went to Bed, and slept without rocking; next Morning they proceeded onwards for *London*, and with an Infinity of Labour and Industry reach'd as far as *Shooter's-Hill* by Dinner-time, where they partook of a *savoury* Leg of Lamb, and journeyed on. The Gunner having pick'd up a Carter's Whip in the Road, the Chaplain walks up to an Ale-keeper who was standing at his Door, and bluntly says, " *You, Master, are you an honest Man?* I am as honest as I can be, says the Man: " Why " then (says the Chaplain) do you take " Care and give this Whip to its right Owner.' After a Number of Fatigues, the Enumeration of which would swell this Pamphlet to too great a Length, they reach'd *London*: But still their Dread was the Fear of being tried for Desertion, when the Captain and his Crew came home.

The Crew, whom they had left behind at *Chatham*, after censuring the Conduct of the two Deserters, and thrown out each his Invective against them, repaired to their Vessel; where, after getting most heartily drunk, they thought proper to retire to Bed, tho' not to sleep, for the Lieutenant sung 219 Catches as he lay down; but being on Account of his Corpulency, almost suffocated

ted with lying on his Back, he sat upright, and sung 107 more; for which, as a Reward, he received the hearty Curses of the whole Crew.

Thursday Aug. 9th.

CHAP. III.

Which contains nothing extraordinary; and which you may either read or let alone, as you please.

THE Crew being now reduced to eight, five of them, with the Dog, rose pretty early, and went a-shore, in order to START their Partridges, or to SPRING some Hares; and it was here the Lieutenant fired at a whole Covey, tho' at a Mile Distance, thinking that on the Report of his Piece only, they would tumble down with the Fright, as he swore he had seen them do in the *West Indies*: They fired twice each, and killed---*nothing*. The other three took a Walk; where they went is no Business of yours or mine.

After they had sufficiently tired themselves, they returned on Board, sailed down the River *Medway*, and went on Board the
Royal

Royal Sovereign, where they saw the *French* Captain again, then in the *Bilboes*, and took Notice of the Behaviour of the Sailors towards him; shoot the Dog, says one, hang him, says a second, aye *Jack*, says a third, we'll give him a nice Run up the Yard-Arm, where he may *shiver his Trotters* in the Air; every one had some Fling as they pass'd him, which he heard with Patience: After they had view'd this Ship, they returned to their own Vessel, where they spent the Night agreeably.

Friday, Aug. 10.

C H A P. IV.

Being the best of all, because it concludes this long Narration, of which, by this Time, I doubt not but the Reader is most heartily tired, as well as the Author.

OUR Sailors having had enough of the Sea, were for returning home, accordingly the Tide serving, they set sail with joyful Hearts, though still with sick Stomachs: The first Thing that happened this Day, was a Visit from the Custom-House Officers, who came on Board in Expectation of finding some Run Goods, but

but were disappointed, there being nothing on Board but *Rum* Goods and empty Bottles; the Officers hardly lik'd them, and went away in more Haste than they came, leaving behind them in their Hurry, their dark Lanthorn,

The next Sight was a Ship homeward bound, who hal'd the Vessel, *From whence come ye?* from London, answers the Swabber, *where are you going?* to London; replies the Swabber again, *From whence came you?* says the Swabber, *from the West Indies* What News! Cries the Swabber, at which the whole Crew set up so loud and so long a Laugh, that they had got to *Deptford*, before they could bring their Ridibilty into any Compass; here they landed, after a fatiguing dangerous Voyage of four Days and three Nights (the like of which they will none of them ever attempt any more) and got safe to their respective Habitations,

To conclude; as the eternal Talk was Sailing! Sailing! so long before the Voyage, so would the eternal Talk have been Sailing! Sailing! as long after the Voyage, had not this Method been taken to render them famous in History. For the Truth of all these Particulars I appeal to themselves;
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and will only, in Justice to myself as the Compiler, beg Leave to inform the World, that I have, agreeable to my Motto in the Title-Page, strictly adher'd to the Truth; every Fact here related, being taken from their own Mouths.

And now let me caution you Arch-Wags never more to endeavour to frighten the Sailors Wives with invented Stories of Drownings, Pressings, *Sickings*, and such like terrible Epithets, for Fear of dangerous Consequences. Who knows, says the Boat-swain, but I might have lost a fine Child by Mr. R——/s telling my Wife I was sick on Shore : Ods Nigs, Gentlemen, 'tis foolish, 'tis, indeed, quite foolish. But, for this Time, it shall go no farther for me.

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FINIS.

